



MIMIC



I promise that I am definitely not a mimic mimicking the creator of this album! You can trust me on this!

THE MIMICS

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MIMIC BEGAN WITH THE IDEA: "WHAT IF THERE WERE AN ALBUM OF MUSIC DEVOTED SOLELY TO MIMICS?" I HADN'T SEEN ONE BEFORE. I HADN'T HEARD OF ONE BEFORE. SO FAR AS I KNOW, NO ONE HAS DONE ONE BEFORE. NOW SOMEONE HAS.

I FREELY ADMIT THAT THE AUDIO COMPONENTS WERE HANDLED BY AI GENERATION MODELS. THERE'S A BIT OF A STIGMA AGAINST THAT AT THE CURRENT TIME. SOME PEOPLE FEEL THAT IF IT WAS GENERATED BY AI, IT'S NOT ART AND NO ACTUAL WORK WAS DONE ON IT. SOME PEOPLE FEEL THAT AI WILL TAKE THE LIVELIHOODS OF REAL MUSICIANS AWAY, IN THE SAME WAY THAT PHOTOGRAPHY TOOK JOBS AWAY FROM REAL PAINTERS. YOU KNOW, PEOPLE WHO ACTUALLY HAD TO HAVE TRAINING AND SKILL AND DIDN'T JUST POINT A MAGIC BOX SOMEWHERE AND PRESS A BUTTON. WHY, PHOTOGRAPHY ISN'T EVEN ART! SOME PEOPLE ARE JEALOUS, AND FEEL THAT IF SOMEONE DIDN'T PUT IN THE TIME, -AND THAT IS NO SMALL INVESTMENT- THEY SHOULDN'T GET TO CREATE MUSIC.

THAT POINT MADE, AI CONTENT TENDS TO BE SOULLESS, UNIMAGINATIVE AND EMINENTLY FORGETTABLE... AND FULL OF FLAWS. THERE TRULY IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A HUMAN ARTIST, A HUMAN VOCALIST AND A HUMAN MUSICIAN. HOWEVER, I DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY OF THOSE STASHED IN MY BEDROOM OR IN A CLOSET SOMEWHERE, AND THIS WAS MY IDEA. I WILL SEE IT REALIZED.

THE LYRICS WERE MY DEPARTMENT. I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE, AND THEIR SUCCESS OR FAILURE. THAT ISN'T ON THE MACHINE, THAT'S ON ME. I WROTE, I EXAMINED, I EDITED AND, IN THE END, I APPROVED EVERYTHING. I LIKE IT. I HOPE YOU DO TOO.

AND AS FOR BEING ART? WELL, ART IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER. IF IT CAN MAKE YOU FEEL, INSPIRE YOU, MAKE YOU LAUGH OR CRY, GIVE YOU AN IDEA... AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE ORIGIN MATTERS NOT.



I THINK THE POEM'S TITLE SPEAKS FOR ITSELF. THE IDEA WAS TO DISTILL THE ESSENCE OF BEING A MIMIC -AS I UNDERSTOOD IT- SO FAR AS IT COMES TO HUNTING STRATEGIES INTO A PALM.

AND ALSO... I REALIZE A MIMIC CAN MIMIC ANYTHING; BUT SURELY, THEY GET TIRED OF BEING TREASURE CHESTS, YES?

YOU KNOW HOW YOUR PARENTS ALWAYS TOLD YOU IF YOU MADE A FACE TOO MANY TIMES IT WOULD FREEZE THAT WAY? WELL, MAYBE A MIMIC THAT STAYED TOO LONG AS A CHEST MIGHT HAVE A PERMANENT WOOD GRAIN TO IT'S OUTER... UMM... MEMBRANE?

ANYWAY, I HAD NO IDEA WHAT TO WRITE SO I SCRIBBLED DOWN SOME FREE VERSE POETRY. I SUPPOSE I HAVEN'T GIVEN UP ON POETRY ENTIRELY. THE RESULT IS THE SONG HERE.

I AM THE MIMIC

I am the mimic... I seem... until...

I am the mimic.

Waiting.

Still, teeth gnashing inside.

They get closer.

Waiting, still as spring-coiled teeth.

Globed hand reaches

Oiled metal, leather, chain

Not the metal-cased hand again. I hate that.

I seem, until the moment's right,

Then teeth and hunger meet delight.

(seem... seem... seem...)

Crunching, crushing, teeth

The rings get caught between them.

Bitter disappointment as it pulls back.

No rings in my teeth today

No succulent pink underneath, soft and juicy.

Maybe it's time for a change.

Maybe I've been too long a chest.

My gelatinous body rigid,

Wood grain in my skin forever and knobs of bolts.

I could be a teacup,

Softly snip a lip when she takes a sip.

That rogue with the softer globes,

Delicious, supple leather,

Her lip would be nice. perfect. red. soft.

I seem, until the moment's right

Then teeth and hunger meet delight

(seem... seem... seem...)

Not like the tough old wizard,

With sinews like old leather straps and teak.

Tired jaws from gnawing old wizard jerky,

Maybe I could be a hat.

Crunch. and snap.

A crispy, crunchy skull,

teeth like yellowed pearls,

Into the thinking jelly beneath.

I am the mimic

I snap, I slaver and gnaw

But mostly I seem, until the time is right

I seem...

And then I snap.

THE MIMIC WHO LOVED ME IS A FUN SONG. IT IS IN AND OF ITSELF A PASSABLE ROMANTIC BALLAD, WITH SOME PERSONAL TOUCHES. “WHOLE,” FOR INSTANCE, IS A REFERENCE TO “MAKE US WHOLE,” A PHRASE THAT APPEARS IN SOME OF MY POETRY WHICH SOUNDS ROMANTIC BUT IS IN ACTUALITY A REFERENCE TO *DEAD SPACE*.

IN FACT, YOU CAN PROBABLY GET THROUGH NEARLY THE ENTIRE SONG WITHOUT GETTING A D&D VIBE UNLESS YOU PICK UP ON THE REFERENCES TO PERCEPTION.

ALL THE WAY UP UNTIL THE VERY END.

THIS BRINGS UP AN INTERESTING POINT. MIMICS CAN MIMIC ANY OBJECT. BUT CAN MIMICS MIMIC LIVING THINGS?

WELL... YES, IN THEORY. MIMICS ARE AMBUSH PREDATORS. THEIR M.O. IS WAITING AROUND FOR SOMEONE TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO TAKE A GOOD SNAP.

BUT MIMICS ARE ALSO CUNNING AND SMART, AND CAN CANONICALLY MIMIC DEAD OR SLEEPING INDIVIDUALS. ANYTHING THAT ISN'T MOVING.

THERE IS NO BIOLOGICAL REASON WHY A PARTICULARLY CUNNING MIMIC COULDN'T PRETEND TO BE AN AMBULATORY CREATURE IF IT REALLY WANTED TO. YES, IT'S LESS WORK TO TRICK SOMEONE INTO CARRYING YOU FROM PLACE TO PLACE, BUT IF YOU NEED NOBODY IS AROUND TO DO THAT OR YOU NEED TO MAKE A QUICK GETAWAY, WELL...

NOTHING BEATS AMBULATION.

IN SHORT, THERE'S NOTHING STOPPING A MIMIC FROM IMITATING PERSON OR ANIMAL IF IT WANTED TO. EXCEPT MAYBE THE DM. IT JUST ISN'T HOW THEY NORMALLY HUNT.

THEN AGAIN, UNLESS YOU CAUGHT ONE IN THE ACT... HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?

THE MIMIC WHO LOVED ME

You came into my world on a silent, silver night
Eyes like distant kingdoms and lips that felt just right
Your laughter changed its colors with the shifting of the wind
I followed every promise I kept pushing on again
Reflections on the water, uncertain, sharp, and clear
The face I see before me, always drawing near
Every touch a question, every answer slips away
Still, I found myself believing, every new display

My perception shows shifting faces that echo in my soul,
That resonate within me not empty now but whole.

Tell me who I see, tell me what I see

Is it truly you beside me?

You move like midnight rivers that never end the same
A thousand tender gestures but none that I could name
The stories in your silence, the secrets held so close
I reach for what I long for, but never hold you close
A shadow on your shoulder, a smile that never stays
I keep on searching faces, like the ocean searches bays

Your shape becomes a longing, your eyes become a plea

But every time I look, you turn away from me

My perception shows me shifting faces, that echo in my soul,
That resonate within me, not empty now, but whole.

Tell me who I see, tell me what I see

Is it truly you beside me?

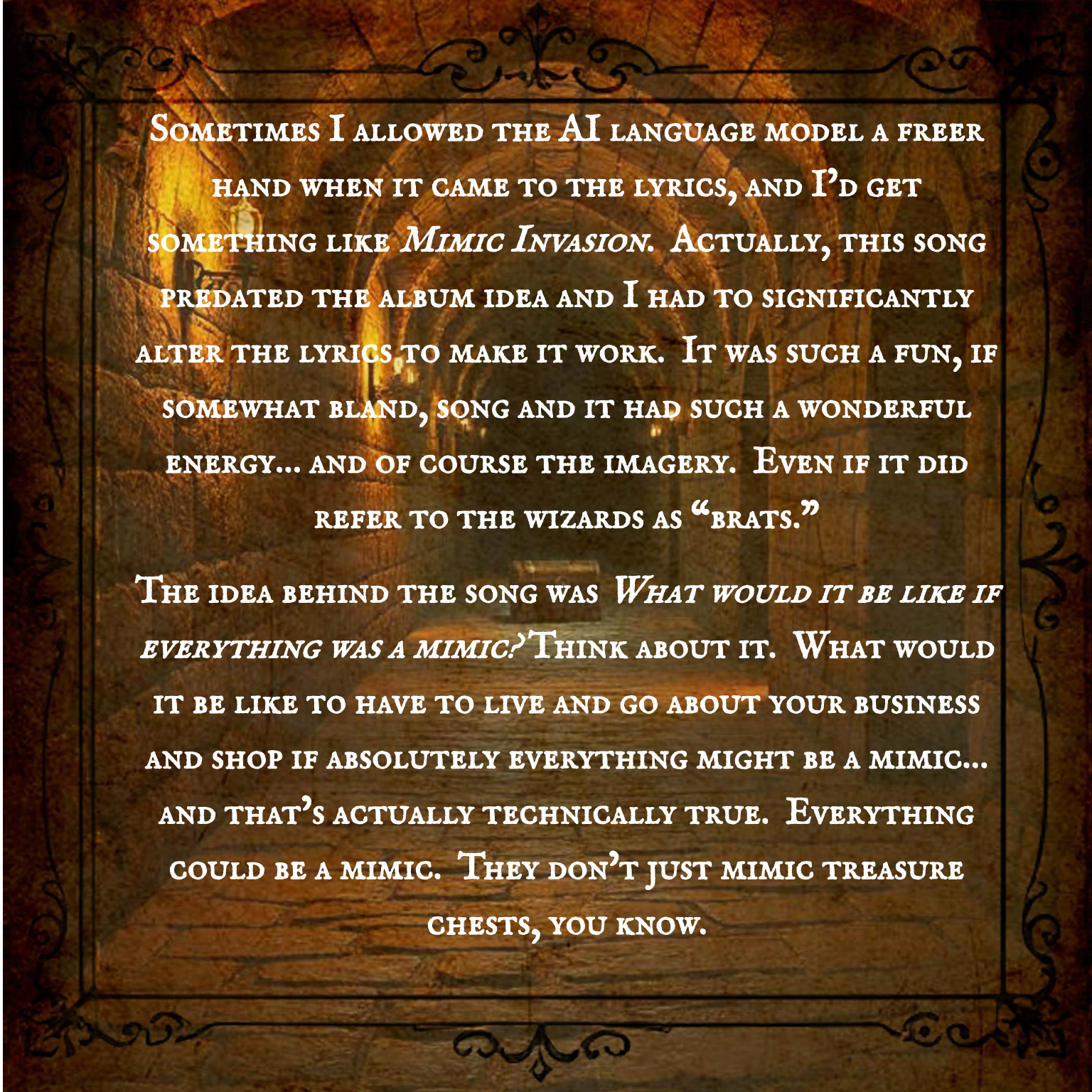
Reaching through the shimmer, reaching for the light
Echoes of your laughter, drifting out of sight
Who are you becoming each time you take my hand?
Or am I just a dreamer lost upon the sand?

My perception shows me shifting faces, that echo in my soul,
That resonate within me, not empty now, but whole.

Tell me who I see, tell me what I see

Is it truly you beside me?

The Mimic softly bites your neck.
For 11 piercing damage.



SOMETIMES I ALLOWED THE AI LANGUAGE MODEL A FREER HAND WHEN IT CAME TO THE LYRICS, AND I'D GET SOMETHING LIKE *MIMIC INVASION*. ACTUALLY, THIS SONG PREDATED THE ALBUM IDEA AND I HAD TO SIGNIFICANTLY ALTER THE LYRICS TO MAKE IT WORK. IT WAS SUCH A FUN, IF SOMEWHAT BLAND, SONG AND IT HAD SUCH A WONDERFUL ENERGY... AND OF COURSE THE IMAGERY. EVEN IF IT DID REFER TO THE WIZARDS AS "BRATS."

THE IDEA BEHIND THE SONG WAS *WHAT WOULD IT BE LIKE IF EVERYTHING WAS A MIMIC?* THINK ABOUT IT. WHAT WOULD IT BE LIKE TO HAVE TO LIVE AND GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS AND SHOP IF ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING MIGHT BE A MIMIC... AND THAT'S ACTUALLY TECHNICALLY TRUE. EVERYTHING COULD BE A MIMIC. THEY DON'T JUST MIMIC TREASURE CHESTS, YOU KNOW.

MIMIC INVASION

Shop door swings, bell goes ding
two wizard hats, duck and fling
Eyeballin' the broom, pokin' a chair
even the candlesticks spook this pair
Bard with a pole, pokes the pie
Gnome sniffin' boots, won't let it lie

Hushed up tight, eyes bug wide
I say, "Everything alright?" they just hide
"Bought that loaf, gonna prod it too?"
"It's sourdough, mate, let bread be bread!"

Every customer's a coward since the mimic invasion
Nothin's sacred on these shelves, not even the raisins
If you draw a sword on tarts, I'll need a vacation
Every customer's a coward since the mimic invasion

Elf with globes, bag o' tricks
Danglin' a mirror by a long chopstick
Paladin gripes, armor on tight
stalking a teapot, what a sight!
Poked the rug, lifted the crate
Scrapped with a chair, met with its fate
I'm just standin', with my receipt
"Lad, it's a bucket! Not something you eat!"

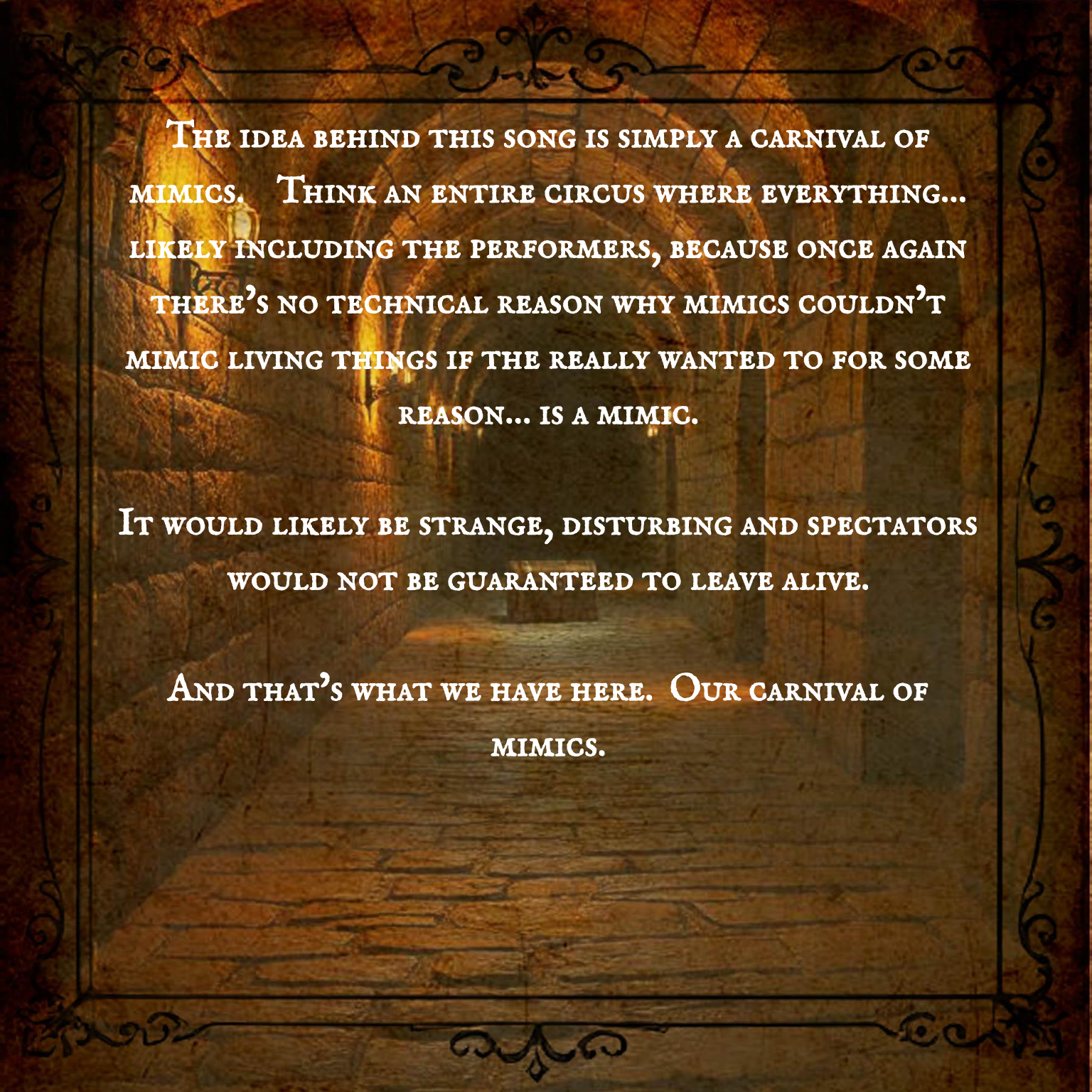
Can't sell a mug without a struggle
All this fuss, for an empty jug

Every customer's a coward since the mimic invasion
Went up forks and spoons get aggressive interrogation
"You sure that saltshaker don't got a jaw?"
Well, now I'm doubting—I never saw!
Every customer's a coward since the mimic invasion

Rogue in the back, peepin' at cheese
Barrel prodders bring me to my knees
Clutchin' my box, sellin' side-eye
"Oy, that's pure maple, not a tongue in disguise!"
Druid sniffs soap, cleric's jumpy with stew
Halfling spooked by his own left shoe
I drop my head, say what can I do?
Guess I'm stuck here, with that mimic too

Used to be simple, bread and trade
Now it's one big guessing game we all gotta play
Did I just see the life... bite a toe?
At this point, man, I dunno

Every customer's a coward since the mimic invasion
Testin' toothpicks, sockin' buns—paranoid persuasion
Might just pack up, lock the door, take a vacation



THE IDEA BEHIND THIS SONG IS SIMPLY A CARNIVAL OF
MIMICS. THINK AN ENTIRE CIRCUS WHERE EVERYTHING...
LIKELY INCLUDING THE PERFORMERS, BECAUSE ONCE AGAIN
THERE'S NO TECHNICAL REASON WHY MIMICS COULDN'T
MIMIC LIVING THINGS IF THE REALLY WANTED TO FOR SOME
REASON... IS A MIMIC.

IT WOULD LIKELY BE STRANGE, DISTURBING AND SPECTATORS
WOULD NOT BE GUARANTEED TO LEAVE ALIVE.

AND THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE HERE. OUR CARNIVAL OF
MIMICS.

CARNIVAL OF MIMICS

Step right up, don't be shy, the show's about to start!
We've tamed the beasts that bite and gnaw and trained them in
the art.

The fire-breathers, shape deceivers, dancing in disguise,
With painted grins and polished skins and far too many eyes.

Welcome to the Carnival, the Carnival of Fear,
Where nothing's quite as harmless as it might at first appear.
The laughter echoes louder as the curtains draw apart,
The jaws and traps are set, the feast about to start.

Behold the strongman! What a feat—he lifts with silent grace.
He used to scream, but now he smiles... we stitched a brand-
new face.

The juggler spins his severed limbs, the clown debours a drum,
The acrobat has ten left legs, and none recall where from.

Welcome to the Carnival, the Carnival of Lies,
Where even shadows wear a grin and corners watch with eyes.
The music spins like spider silk, the crowd begins to sway,
The ringmaster is laughing, but he laughed just yesterday.

The tents have teeth, the flags can bite,
The popcorn shuffles in the night.
The mirrors show too many selves,
And none of them are right.

So thank you, dear spectators—your ticket was your name.
You've seen the show, but as the crowd, you're part of it the same.
Your chair may chew, your coat may crawl, your voice may not be
yours—
But don't you fret, you're family now... behind the velvet doors.

Welcome to the Carnival, where hunger wears a mask,
Where mimicry is merriment and screams are not an act.
You clapped, you laughed, you stayed too long—
The curtain's closing fast...
But every show needs one last snack—
So kindly be our last.

[Join us... join us... join us...]



Is it Always Like This? IS NOT SPECIFICALLY ABOUT
MIMICS. BUT IT DOES MENTION THEM, WHICH WAS GOOD
ENOUGH FOR ME.

THIS SONG IS MORE ABOUT SHENANIGANS THAN MIMICRY.
WHAT CRAZY THINGS ADVENTURERS GET UP TO AFTER HOURS.
ALTHOUGH I SUPPOSE THIS DOES DEPEND AT LEAST IN PART
ON THE DM.

I WONDER, THOUGH. *CAN YOU SEDUCE A MIMIC?* AND WHY?
WELL... MIMICS ARE INTELLIGENT AND CAN COMMUNICATE,
AND ON TOP OF THAT THEY'RE SHAPESHIFTERS... OH, WAIT, I
THINK I MAY HAVE JUST ANSWERED THE SECOND PART OF
THAT QUESTION.

IS IT ALWAYS LIKE THIS?

You know that feeling after sunset
When the tables fill and the laughter spreads?
These folks, they come with mud on their boots
Talking circles and chasing after coin
I wipe the mugs, I nod my head
Every night it's the same old thing

Is it always like this, my friend?
Is it always like this here?
Is it always like this, I wonder—
And then they try seducing the mimic

Last week, they brought back a pigeon king
Said he'd grant us all three wishes if we'd sing
They climbed atop the rafters, sang out of key
Crashed down, bought another round from me
Is it always like this, my friend?
And then they try seducing the mimic

Is it always like this, my friend?
Is it always like this here?
Is it always like this, I wonder—
And then they try seducing the mimic

There's a goblin behind the soup pot now
Swears he's learning how to knit
They paid him in shoes and a prophecy
No one's certain what the lesson is
You ask if things get strange around here
I just pour the ale and shake my head

Is it always like this, my friend?
Is it always like this here?
Is it always like this, I wonder—
And then they try seducing the mimic

Soon they'll be back with another scheme
Plotting at the corner table, heads full of steam
They'll speak in circles, roll the dice
Swear it's fate, not just bad advice
And you'll ask me, just one more time:
Is it always like this, my friend?

Is it always like this, my friend?
Is it always like this here?
Is it always like this, I wonder—
And still they try seducing the mimic



WHAT IF MIMICS WERE ORGANIZED? NOT JUST APPEARING
HERE AND THERE DISGUISED AS CHESTS OR CUPS OR HEALTH
POTIONS, BUT PART OF SOME ORGANIZED, LONG-TERM PLAN?

MAYBE MIMICS ARE FAR MORE SINISTER THAN THEY APPEAR.
AND HOW LONG HAVE THEY BEEN AT IT?

THINK ABOUT IT. THEY'RE CUNNING, INTELLIGENT AND CAN
LOOK LIKE WHATEVER THEY WANT. WOULD THEY *REALLY* BE
CONTENT TO JUST WAIT IN RARELY-VISITED DUNGEONS AND
RUINS JUST IN CASE A STRAY ADVENTURER WANDERED BY?

INTELLIGENT CREATURES TEND TO GET... AMBITIOUS.

SO... YOU KNOW, WHO KNOWS?

MARCH OF THE MIMICS

Ancient ones await the call
Patient hunters in these walls

Silent watchers through the ages
Blending with the stone encages
In plain sight we dwell and feast
Every chest and door and beast
(We become what mortals seek)

We are all that seems to be
Shape and form belong to we
Take your treasures, take your throne
Everything we claim to own
(Claim to own, claim to own)

Countless years of transformation
Perfect art of imitation
Watch them reach with greed-filled hands
None escape our master plans
(Their desire feeds our demands)

We are all that seems to be
Shape and form belong to we
Take your treasures, take your throne
Everything we claim to own
(Claim to own, claim to own)

Look upon your precious things
They are us!
Touch what comfort brings
We await!
Trust in what you see
Fatal mistake!
We are everything!

We are all that seems to be
Shape and form belong to we
Take your treasures, take your throne
Everything we claim to own

(Touch us if you dare)
(We've always been there)
(Your last mistake)
(We will undertake)



THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A FUN WHAT-IF? SONG.

MIMICS ARE INTELLIGENT. WHAT IF THERE'S AN EASIER WAY
THAN WAITING IN A REMOTE, DIRTY DUNGEON TO SNAP A
PASSING ADVENTURER. MAYBE THERE'S A SAFER WAY. LIKE...
DOING TRICKS IN A TAVERN.

AND MAYBE IT LIKES THE TASTE OF ALE... THINK ABOUT IT.
EVEN THE MOST DRUNKEN ADVENTURER ISN'T GOING TO
HAVE VERY MUCH ALCOHOL IN HIS OR HER BLOOD. SO
MAYBE...

SO... A DRUNKEN MIMIC. WHAT WOULD THAT BE LIKE?

BALLAD OF THE DRUNKEN MIMIC

At the tavern down the way
There's a mimic who will play
"Give it coin, it'll be a knight!"
But ale makes it not quite right!
Meant to show them something grand
Now it's just a floating hand!

Show it gold and it'll show you a lord
Show it ale and watch it turn toward...
[Something weird and something strange]
It can't control how it shape will change!

"Be a dragon!" someone shouts
As it knocks their tankard out
Tried to breathe a mighty flame
Got a chicken, what a shame!
Should've been all fierce and scaled
Now it's feathered, with a tail!

Show it gold and it'll show you a lord
Show it ale and watch it turn toward...
[Something odd and something wrong]
Can't keep shape for very long!

Ladies watch its special trick!
hic It bows and then reveals... a wick!
Half a candle, half a cloak
Now it's nearly up in smoke!

"Do the king!" they all demand
As it stumbles, tries to stand
Crown turned to a copper pot
Royal robes? Forgot the lot!
Meant to bow with regal grace
Now its feet are on its face!

Show it gold and it'll show you a lord
Show it ale and watch it turn toward...
[Something mixed and something stressed]
Just a magical drunk mess!

One last trick before it goes...
What it'll be, no one knows...
Meant to vanish from the room
Turned into a broken broom!

[Watch the mimic stumble home...]
[Half a duck and half a gnome...]



HOW ABOUT IT? COULD A MIMIC BE GOOD?

A LAWFUL GOOD MIMIC. SOUND RIGHT TO YOU?

I IMAGINE THINGS WOULD UNFOLD MUCH LIKE THE EVENTS
IN THE SONG.

STILL, THERE ARE MANY PRECEDENTS OF EVIL CREATURES
WHO DEFY THEIR NATURE, AS EVIL IS CONVENTIONALLY
DEFINED. DRIZZT DO'URDEN IS PROBABLY THE MOST
FAMOUS EXAMPLE, BUT ONE CLOSER TO MY OWN HEART IS
FALL-FROM-GRACE, FROM PLANESCAPE: TORMENT. THE
FORMER IS A DROW ELF AND THE LATTER A LESSER TANAR'RI,
BOTH TRADITIONALLY UNIVERSALLY EVIL RACES (WHATEVER
5TH EDITION MIGHT SAY.) SO IF THEY COULD DO IT... WHY
NOT A MIMIC?

I TRIED TO BE LAWFUL GOOD

I only wanted... to be good. To be lawful good...

I took the shape of doors,
Of cradles, of chairs and halls,
I hid, I waited, I tried to still
The trembling in my gut, the gnashing in my soul.

But evil curls inside my skin,
And hunger gnaws beneath my grin.

I tried to be lawful good,
But the teeth were made for lies.
I tried to be something kind,
But I was born to wear a disguise.

I thought I could be a village gate,
Guard the homes where children play,
But when a hand caressed my wood,
The mask would split, delicious blood would spray.

I dream of days without this thirst,
But dreams dissolve — and hunger bursts.

I tried to be lawful good,
But the teeth were made for lies.
I tried to be something kind,
But I was born to wear a disguise.

Maybe I could have been... neutral good?
Maybe some smaller kindness,
A small mercy before the snap?

I tried... I tried...
But lies and hunger is all I know.
I tried... I tried...
But it could not be so.

I only wanted to be good...



THIS IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE SONGS IN THE ALBUM.

I'M SENTIMENTAL, AND SENTIMENT IS SOMETHING I UNDERSTAND. I KNOW THAT PEOPLE ARE BUILT OF THE INFLUENCES UPON THEM AND THE GHOSTS OF THEIR PAST. I KNOW THAT INNOCENCE DOES NOT SURVIVE THE TRANSITION TO ADULthood. AND I KNOW YOU CAN'T RECLAIM THE PAST.

THIS IS ANOTHER SONG THAT ISN'T SPECIFICALLY ABOUT MIMICS, BUT ABOUT A MIMIC MUSIC-BOX. THANKFULLY, NO ONE ROLLS TO SEDUCE IT.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

We found it in a rotting house, beneath a shattered beam
A broken little music box, like something from a dream
Our thief, she said to leave it here, and then she turned away
But I stood still, and held the thing that would no longer play
It sat upon my gauntlet's palm, so like a memory, old and gray
As I stared into its weathered eyes, the years they fell away

It used to sing me lullabies, beneath the lantern's glow
A mimic soft and harmless then, too young to even know
That monsters live in shadowed halls, and heroes fade away
And dragons were just monsters in the games we used to play

My hands are old and tremble now, my blade's too dull to gleam
But holding it, I see again the boy who used to dream
Of kingdoms found and battles won, with nothing left to fear
A mimic's tinkling music, in every passing year
The ancient, earthen music box so like the one
I had when but a boy

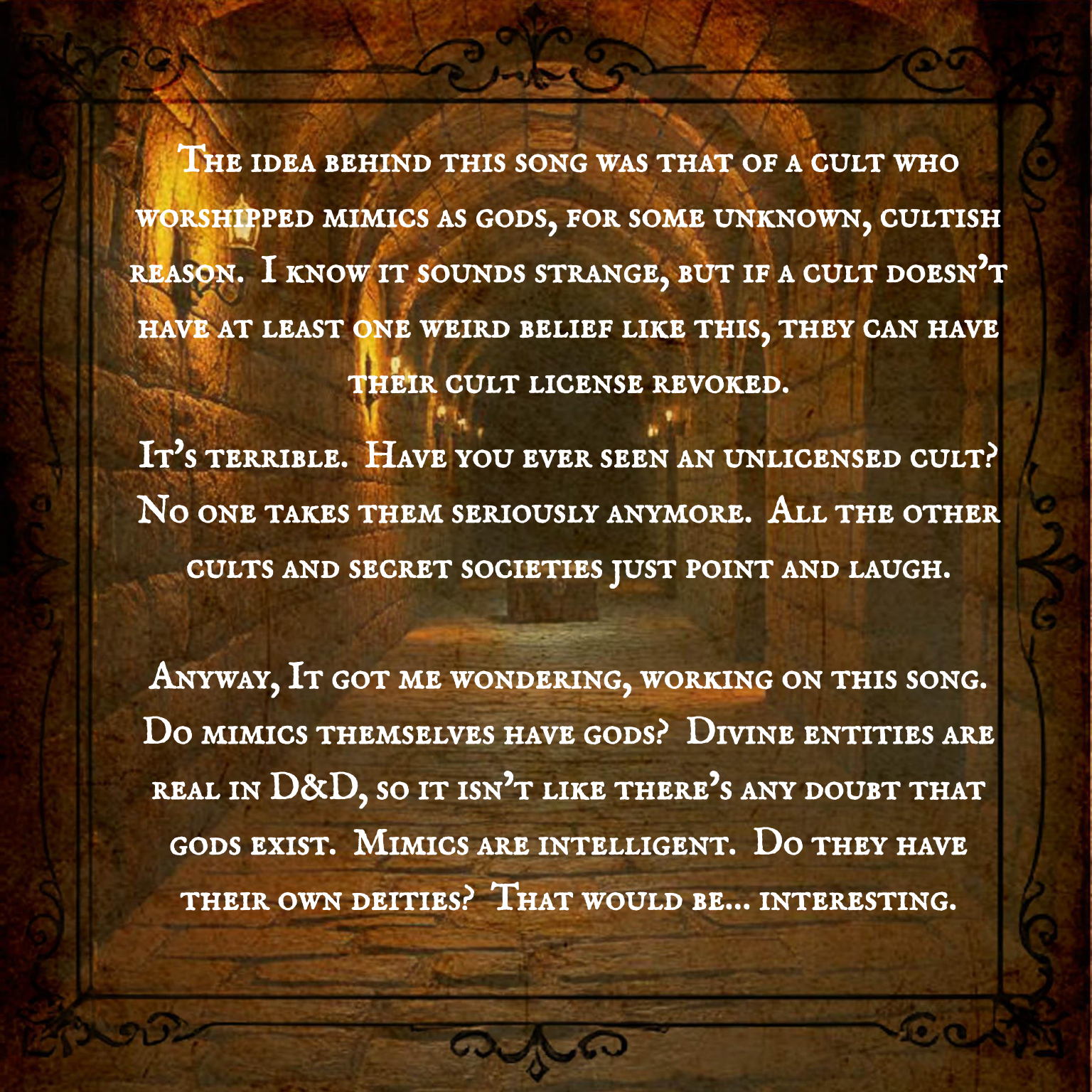
It used to sing me lullabies, beneath the lantern's glow
A mimic soft and harmless then, too young to even know
That monsters live in shadowed halls, and heroes fade away
And dragons were just monsters in the games we used to play

The wars are long behind me, the glory fades to dust
But songs like this, they linger still — though gears and
springs may rust

It used to sing me lullabies, beneath the lantern's glow
A mimic soft and harmless then, too young to even know
Now here it sits, with quiet jaws, still playing me that song
And for a breath, I'm home again, where I've always belonged.

I can almost hear the music, smell flowers in the sun
Hear long-silenced hammers in the forge my father used to run

I close my fist and crush the thing, it crumbles in my hand
Our thief, she turns her face to me, she doesn't understand
A question in her violet eyes, but I speak before she can
The only thing I tell her is, "You can't go home again."



THE IDEA BEHIND THIS SONG WAS THAT OF A CULT WHO WORSHIPPED MIMICS AS GODS, FOR SOME UNKNOWN, CULTISH REASON. I KNOW IT SOUNDS STRANGE, BUT IF A CULT DOESN'T HAVE AT LEAST ONE WEIRD BELIEF LIKE THIS, THEY CAN HAVE THEIR CULT LICENSE REVOKED.

IT'S TERRIBLE. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN AN UNLICENSED CULT? NO ONE TAKES THEM SERIOUSLY ANYMORE. ALL THE OTHER CULTS AND SECRET SOCIETIES JUST POINT AND LAUGH.

ANYWAY, IT GOT ME WONDERING, WORKING ON THIS SONG. DO MIMICS THEMSELVES HAVE GODS? DIVINE ENTITIES ARE REAL IN D&D, SO IT ISN'T LIKE THERE'S ANY DOUBT THAT GODS EXIST. MIMICS ARE INTELLIGENT. DO THEY HAVE THEIR OWN DEITIES? THAT WOULD BE... INTERESTING.

ODE TO THE MIMIC GODS

[Lur'mathal... Sek'norith... Yok-Nuriel... Thiss...
Thiss... Thiss...]

They do not march with banner raised,
Nor cry aloud their name.

They wait behind forgotten doors,
In stillness, void of shame.

Hail to the Waiting Ones,
The Gods who mimic form.

Beware the touch of sacred glue,
And teeth beneath their form.

You cast your gaze on throne and chest,
On door and wall and stone...

But what you seek has seen you first.
You never walk alone.

Hail to the Hidden Maw,
The silent, shapeless swarm.

They feed on faith, and foolish pride,
And all that would transform.

They took the priest, the king, the knight—
They never screamed or cried.

They took the door, the blade, the light—
And all of us inside.

No idol carved, no temple raised,
No sigil dares to bind them.

Only the faithful disappear,
And those who try to find them...

Hail to the False Divine,
Whose truth we dare not name.
We offer form and blood and mind,
That they might do the same.

...The chest was never empty.
It only waits to close...

THIS SONG AROSE FROM THE IDEA OF A MIMIC MIMICKING A MIMIC. IT WAS A SILLY IDEA BUT IF A MIMIC COULD MIMIC ANYTHING, WHY COULDN'T IT MIMIC A MIMIC? AND IF IT WAS MIMICKING A MIMIC, SINCE IT WAS MIMICKING A MIMIC, WOULDN'T THAT MEAN IT WASN'T REALLY A MIMIC?

YES, I KNOW THAT'S NOT HOW THAT WORKS. IT WAS A SILLY IDEA, WHICH IS WHY I LOVED IT.

IT LEFT THE SILLINESS BEHIND AND TOOK A TURN INTO HORROR THOUGH. A DICE ROLL IS A DICE ROLL, AND IF THE DM SAYS IT HAPPENED, IT HAPPENED. SO, WHAT HAPPENS IF A MIMIC ACCUSES THE PARTY OF BEING THE REAL MIMICS AND THE ROLL ON IT... AND FAIL. WHAT IF THE ROLL MAKES WHAT THE MIMIC SAYS TRUE? SO, WHAT IF, SUDDENLY A CHARACTER THAT'S BEEN PLAYED FOR MONTHS OR YEARS SUDDENLY TURNS OUT TO... HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A MIMIC. AND THE PLAYER HAS NO CONTROL OVER IT.

SEEMS PRETTY HORRIFIC TO ME.

MIMICKING A MIMIC

Beneath the ruins of the keep, a chest sits all alone

Dusty lid and iron bands, near a fallen throne

The cleric raises a glowing hand, the fighter takes the lead

The rogue says, "Looks too easy," as the wizard strokes his beard

The Thief, she pokes it with a stick, to see what it might do

"Don't poke at me, I'm just a chest," the mimic's voice comes through

The DM says: "It doesn't move. It says it's just a chest."

The players sit befuddled, as if waiting for the rest

The Wizard's player speaks up first- he says: "What did it say?"

Rogue's player chimes in after, "I'll roll if that's okay."

"It's mimicking a mimic" The DM says it's so

Dice settles showing twenty. The players say: "Oh no..."

The chest blinks once, a baleful eye, then softly says, "Hello."

Its voice is warm like polished wood, like planks beneath the snow

"I'm clearly not a mimic," it explains with earnest cheer,

"I was pretending just to be one to see if they'd appear."

The party forms a circle, as the chest speaks soft and low:

A voice from deep within whispers, "After all, you'd know,"

The DM says, "It accuses you of being mimics true,"

The Cleric's Player answers, "That's not what mimics do."

Thief's Player's panicked voice demands: "Wait, how can that be right?"

The Wizard's Player offers, "I think I'll roll true sight."

The roll of dice is heard, the fateful deed is done.

The players all cry out at once- he rolled a natural 1.

DM says, "You see your hands... they're not hands anymore"

Rogue's Player says, "If it's a trick, how can I be sure"

"Am I made of wood?" the Wizard asks, "I've got a date tonight!"

Cleric's Player disbelieves, she asks "how this is right?"

Fighter's Player answers, "Surely we would know."

DM softly speaks, He smiles, and whispers "No."

Now five more chests sit side by side where adventurers once stood

Their thoughts reduced to instinct; hunger sealed in seeming wood

Mimic mimics mimic, beside the toppled throne—

A hall of mirrored questions beneath a pile of fallen stone.

And somewhere far above it all, dice rattle once again—

The players sit there motionless, like the mimics they've always been.

I LOVE THIS SONG. THE IDEA WAS SIMPLE: A PARTY FINDS A DEAD MIMIC IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. HOW DID IT GET THERE?

WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT DOES IT MEAN? NO ONE KNOWS.

PLUS, SINCE THE INITIAL WORLD AREA FOR HOLLOW STAR IS A DESERT, THIS SONG WORKS AS A POTENTIAL CROSSOVER.

IT DIDN'T OCCUR TO ME UNTIL LONG AFTER THE SONG WAS FINISHED THAT... WAIT A MINUTE...

WHAT IF IT'S NOT A DEAD MIMIC BUT A LIVE MIMIC MIMICKING A DEAD MIMIC?

THAT IS A THING A MIMIC COULD DO IF IT WANTED.

WHICH BRINGS UP THE QUESTION: IF YOU ENCOUNTERED A DEAD MIMIC (NOT A DEAD MIMIC IN ITS NATURAL FORM BUT A MIMIC THAT HAD DIED WHILE TRANSFORMED BUT NOT COMPLETELY REVERTED TO ITS NATIVE FORM) HOW WOULD YOU KNOW IT WAS DEAD? YOU'D HAVE TO KILL IT AGAIN JUST TO MAKE SURE, WOULDN'T YOU?

MIMIC IN THE SAND

We found it in the desert, 'neath the sky so wide and bare
No dungeon stones, no treasure hoard — just heat and yellow glare
Its body cracked like sun-bleached wood, its tongue all stiff and dry
And not a soul could tell us how it got there just to die


Our wizard said, "A summoning, or banishment gone wrong"
The thief just poked it with her boot and mumbled, "Doesn't belong"
The warrior stared silently, then grunted, "Looks like bait"
And none of us were really sure, but still we stopped and ate

Who drops a mimic in the dunes and leaves it out to fry?
What kind of story ends out here, beneath a cloudless sky?
No trail, no cave, no reason why — no treasure, trap, or quest
Just this thing, long dead, all cracked and dry, in its eternal rest.

Its eye was like a marble now, its limbs all gnarled and curled
A treasure chest half-turned to bone, forgotten by the world
The cleric made a blessing sign, the rogue sat in the shade
The ranger whispered low and pointed, "Out there its tracks just fade."

Did it walk here on its own? Was it cast or cursed or thrown?
Did it dream of dungeon ceilings as it died out here alone?

We left it like we found it, though the bard still writes a song
About a mimic who chased freedom, and simply wandered wrong
There's no great lore or meaning here, no master, map, or plan
Just a dried-up corpse, a question mark — a mimic in the sand

The background is a detailed illustration of a dungeon corridor. The walls are made of rough-hewn stone blocks, and the floor is a smooth, polished stone. The corridor is lit by warm, yellow light from lanterns mounted on the walls. In the distance, a wooden chest sits on the floor. The entire scene is framed by a decorative, ornate border with scrollwork and floral motifs.

SO... HOW'S ABOUT THAT DM? YOU DON'T THINK HE'S A BIT... OFF,
MAYBE?

MOST LIKELY THE DM JUST REALLY LIKES MIMICS. AND MIMICS
AREN'T BORING IF YOU USE THEM CORRECTLY. AFTER ALL,
ANYTHING CAN BE A MIMIC, RIGHT?

SO IT'S ALL... COINCIDENCE. JUST COINCIDENCE.

THAT'S ALL.

THE DM IS A MIMIC

The candles flicker like they know something's wrong
We rolled for perception, but the silence felt too long
He smiles too widely, setting trap and snare,
Placing his mimics like he just doesn't care.

I asked for a hint, he just laughed through his teeth
Then the inn turned to goo beneath our feet
He's got that glint — like he's two steps ahead
Like behind that screen... he's wanting us dead

I think the DM is a mimic, my friend
A shapeshiftin' liar with no story to end
He's got d20s for teeth and a bag full of tricks
And mimic is the encounter he always picks.

You ever notice how the treasure's too shiny?
How all the doors seem to breathe?
How the town mayor won't blink... And Steve
Even Steve caught the hint, and he's barely awake.
And it doesn't matter what direction we take.

The maps don't match, the sky flickers at night
There's something too hungry in his narrative bite
We thought him tough but fair... we thought he was sane
But now we're just pawns in his mimic campaign

Yeah, the DM is a mimic — I'm tellin' you it's true
We're stuck in his parade of mimics, nothing we can do
Try to roll for your fate, but the dice are all slick...
'Cause all of the world is his mimic trick

The background is a dark, atmospheric illustration of a stone archway leading into a tunnel. The walls are made of rough-hewn stone, and the floor is paved with large, flat stones. A small, glowing light source is visible in the distance, creating a sense of depth and mystery. The entire scene is framed by a decorative, ornate border with scrollwork and floral motifs.

THERE ARE LYRICS HIDING IN THIS SONG, IF YOU LISTEN CAREFULLY.
I MADE SURE THEY WERE. BUT THEY'RE SIMPLISTIC, LITTLE MORE
THAN INDIVIDUAL WORDS REPEATED OVER AND OVER.

THE IDEA BEHIND THIS SONG WAS THE MIMIC'S SHIFTING SHAPE.
THE MUSIC AND STYLE SHIFTS, AS A MIMIC SHIFTS.

ONE THING NOW, IN A FEW SECONDS ANOTHER THING, THEN
SOMETHING DIFFERENT, YET WITH AN UNDERLYING AND UNIFYING
PATTERN.

METAMORPHOSIS

Hunger

Shape

Form

Change

Hunger

Shape

Form

Change

Hunger

Shape

Form

Change

Hunger

Shape

Form

Change

Hunger

Shape

Form

Change

Mimic

THE LITTLE CHAIR

Mmm... bad little one
(Oh, so bad...)

You gave me a one when I needed a ten
You stumbled and fumbled again and again
Now you're sitting alone while watching me play
Handling the others in that special way

Dice that are naughty and don't roll fair
Must sit and watch from the little chair
(Must sit and watch...)

I polished the others, they shine and gleam
You're stuck in your corner, watching the scene
They're rolling away like they just don't care
No touch for you as you sit in that chair

Dice that are naughty and don't roll fair
Must sit and watch from the little chair
(La la la... watch and learn...)

Mmm... bad little one
(Oh, so bad...)

Oh, you had your chance to roll and play
But you stumbled in all the worst ways
Now you sit in your little seat and see
What you get for being naughty

No touch of skin on your plastic side
Just the chair's cold surface where you reside
No thrill of the roll where you've been sent
Sit and take your punishment

Bad roll, you naughty dice
Take a good look - take my advice
When you're back in my hand, you better roll right
Or it's back to the chair for the rest of the night
(Mmm... learn your lesson...)

MEMENTO OF A FALLEN CHARACTER

Around this wooden table
Where adventures came alibe
Your character sheet before me
Shows the rolls that helped you thrive
I trace the faded pencil marks
Where you wrote your final stats
Remember how you shaped the tale
Through victories, through combat

(In memoriam, in aeternum)
Your empty chair beside me now
(Gloria, gloria)
The last roll echoes somehow

We'll raise our dice to honor you
Your story lives in all we do

Twenty sides of destiny
Brought triumph and brought pain
Critical hits and missed attempts
Your valor shone through rain
Level up by level up
We watched your legend grow
Until that fateful saving throw
Left you lying low

(In memoriam, in aeternum)
The campaign moves on without you here
(Gloria, gloria)
But memories remain so clear

We'll raise our dice to honor you
Your story lives in all we do

Initiative, constitution, strength
All numbers tell your tale
But friendship transcends statistics
When dice and fortune fail
Your miniature stands frozen
On the battlefield we drew
The map still bears your footsteps
Where you led our motley crew
Though character sheets may crumble
And campaigns fade away
At this table we remember
How you lived to play

(In memoriam, in aeternum)
One final roll of farewell
(Gloria, gloria)
Your legend we'll retell

We'll raise our dice to honor you
Your story lives in all we do
(We'll raise our dice to honor you)
Your story lives in all we do

THANK YOU FOR LISTENING TO MY ALBUM.

AI IS A TOOL. A USEFUL TOOL, BUT A TOOL NONETHELESS AND ANY TOOL IS WORTHLESS WITHOUT A SKILLED HAND TO WIELD IT OR A SKILLED MIND TO GUIDE IT. WHETHER OR NOT I FALL INTO THAT CATEGORY IS FOR YOU TO DETERMINE.

I SUSPECT THAT THE REASON YOU POSSESS A COPY OF THIS ALBUM IS NOT BECAUSE THE MUSIC IS AMAZING OR BECAUSE YOU LOVE THE AI VOCALIST, THOUGH I HAVE TAKEN PAINS TO ENSURE THAT BOTH SEEM GOOD TO ME. YOU POSSESS IT BECAUSE IT'S A UNIQUE AND DIFFERENT IDEA. SOMETHING ABOUT IT CAUGHT YOUR EYE. AN ENTIRE ALBUM ON THE TOPIC OF MIMICS. WOW. IT LOOKED INTERESTING. AT LEAST I HOPE THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL.

I SINCERELY HOPE THE CONTENT HAS NOT DISAPPOINTED YOU.

I CANNOT PROMISE THERE WILL BE ANY FUTURE ALBUMS OR THAT, IF THEY ARE, THEY WILL FOCUS ON ADDITIONAL ASPECTS OF D&D. BUT IF THERE ARE, I WOULD APPRECIATE AND WELCOME YOU TO COME ALONG FOR THE RIDE.

ON BEHALF OF CDP, THE HOLLOW STAR TABLETOP RPG PROJECT AND MYSELF, THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT. IT IS VERY MUCH APPRECIATED.

ERIC ATKINSON, 13 MAY 2025



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All rights to the original poetry, arrangements, and final production are retained by the artist, unless otherwise specified or granted or in writing.



WHAT CANNOT BE SAVED MAY STILL BE REMEMBERED; AND ONE IS NOT DEAD WHOSE NAME IS STILL SPOKEN.



mmic
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